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MISSOURI

PHILADELPHIA can stand it if Phil and Carolyn can.

The Interference is that Pat Crowe went to South Africa as a Missouri man.

Some bits of the ten best books put the checkbook first and the pocketbook second.

German cities when they want may advertise for them. Then they get good ones.

A man's good work lives after him, but it isn't always identified.—Saturday Evening Post.

The new process of making silk without the services of the worm will not cause the worm to turn.

Senator Clark's departure for Europe should greatly stimulate the production of new paintings by old masters.

The news that a Chicago choir has been moved to tears gives but a faint idea of what the congregation must suffer.

Mascagni demanded to be protected by fifty detectives while in New York. Had he threatened to play the Intermezzo?

Prince Cupid's full name is Joseph K. Kalamianose. We can't blame that man for not wanting to cling to his title.

Richard Mansfield sleeps in his private car. The thought may comfort some shabby tragedian, tollmously tramping ties.

An eastern paper says Lake Erie is growing shallower. There are enough weeds rotting on its bottom to account for this.

For instance, how many people in the provincial east know there is a newspaper in North Dakota called the Flickertail Flicker?

James J. Hill says that the young man is king today. The old man, however, will continue to be the power behind the throne.

Old King Leopold will miss a fine opportunity if he doesn't hurry out and have an escapee of some kind now while everybody is looking the other way.

An Ohio man, after trying for seventeen years to preach, has given it up and become an auctioneer. His oratory is likely to bring him plenty of offers now.

Prof. Clark of Evanston, who thinks that a man can live on \$300 a year and save money, is like most theorists on that subject—willing to let some one else try it.

One of the scientists declares that lastness is a disease due to the presence of a microbe. Now at least we know which microbe has the largest circulation on earth.

A Tennessee train robber has been sentenced to 150 years in the penitentiary. He may console himself by thinking of the fifteen years rebate he will get for good behavior.

Some watch screws are so small that it takes 150,000 of them to make a pound. Anybody who questions this is at liberty to take a pound of screws off into a corner by himself and count 'em.

Turkey's sultan says all his subjects are equal in his eyes. If there are any who are not equal he himself prepared to lop off a few heads here and there to reduce the inequality.

A New York actress has published some amorous letters that she says were written to her by the crown prince of Siam. Apparently he forgot to ask her to burn them as soon as she had read them.

The courts have decided that a one-legged man may, by the use of proper appliances, be almost as good as new. Perhaps the judge was having rheumatic twinges at the time the decision was handed down.

A New York broker who has just retired at the age of 60 has "made" \$5,000,000 in six years. He will enjoy a vacation the rest of his life, regardless of the fact that his gain has been somebody else's loss.

The "no breakfast" fad may do well enough for those who know the meaning of a "meal brown taste" in the morning, but for all others breakfast will continue to be a very pleasant and satisfying way to begin the day.

King Edward is going to see what he can do for Ireland. The king may have taken the notion that he would like to hand all the kingdoms down to his children in fairly good shape.

The Turks are torturing Christians in Macedonia. The right under international laws to torture Christians is one of the rewards of being a Turk.

St. Thomas Lipton may as well get ready for the gamiest fight in his career. The new American cup defender is to be called the "Eagle."

That ninety-eight-pound man in New York who, in a contest, disposed of eight pounds of beefsteak doubtless felt like applying for membership in the No Breakfast Society next day.

People who know how to raise a family on \$4 a week never have incomes sufficiently small to enable them to make the experiment.

Pupils in the Chicago public schools are to be taught independent thinking. This is better, all things considered, than independent spelling.

The tramp who stole a locomotive in Missouri has a trace of the true instincts of the modern railway magistrate. With a little practice he will be able to steal a whole railroad.

Uncle Sam is a wasteful creature. He has spent \$240,000,000 in educating the Indians, and yet they couldn't win the football championship.

There are said to be 1,000,000 more ships in the United States, but this estimate may have been dreamed by one of the statisticians.

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "Friend Olivia," "The Three and the Other One," etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Disgrace! The word goes out with our name, Bataravia! The Lord does not want you here! In one word, speak!"

"Well, then, Nell Semple and Capt. Hyde have fought a duel. That is what comes of giving way to passion. I never fought a duel. No one should make me. It is a fixed principle with me."

"Poor Nell! His fault, I am sure, it was not."

"Joanna! Nell is nearly dead. If he had been in the right he would be nearly dead. The Lord does not forsake a person who is in the right way."

In the hall behind them, Katherine stood. The pallor of her face, the hopeless droop of her white shoulders and arms, were visible in its gloomy shadows. Softly as a spirit she walked, as she drew nearer to them.

"And the Englishman? Is he hurt?"

"Killed. He has at least twenty wounds. Till morning he will not live. It was the councilor himself who separated the men."

"My good Joris, it was like him."

For a moment Katherine's consciousness receded. The roar of the ocean which girls of her life found was in her ears, the feeling of chill and collapse at her heart. But with a supreme will she took possession of herself. "Weak I will not be. All I will know. All I will suffer. And with these thoughts she went back to the room and took her place at the table. In a few minutes the rest followed. Bataravia had anticipated madam's amazement and shock. He had felt a just satisfaction in the suffering he was bringing to Katherine. But nothing had happened as he expected. The meal, instead of being pleasantly lengthened over each word of intelligence, was hurried and silent.

It was some comfort that after it Joanna and he could walk in the garden and talk the affair thoroughly over. Katherine watched them away, and then she fled to her room. And oh, how she wept! She took from their hiding place the few letters her lover had written her, and she mourned over them as women mourn in such extremities. In the full tide of her anguish, Lyseth stood at the door. She heard the inarticulate words of woe, and her heart ached for her child. She had followed her to give her comfort, to weep with her; she felt that that Katherine was no more a child to be soothed with her mother's kiss. She had become a woman, and a woman's sorrow had found her.

It was near ten o'clock when Joris came home. His face was troubled, his clothing disarranged and blood-stained; and Lyseth never remembered to have seen him so completely exhausted. "Bram is with Nell," he said, "he will not be home."

"And thou?"

"He helped them carry—the other. To the King's Arms we took him."

"The King's Arms?"

"His left lung is pierced through. A bad wound in the throat he has. But then, youth has, and a great spirit, and hope. I wish not for his death, my God knows."

"Nell, what of him?"

"Unconscious he was when I left him at his home. Does Katherine know?"

"She knows."

"How, then?"

"Oh Joris, if in her room thou couldst have heard her crying! My heart for her aches, the sorrowful one!"

"See, then, that the lesson she miss not. It is hard one, but learn it she must. If thy love would pass it by, think this, for her good it is."

The next morning was the sabbath, and many painful questions suggested themselves to Joris and Lyseth Van Heemskirk. Joris felt that he must not take his seat at the deacons' until he had been fully exonerated of all blame of blood-guiltiness by the dominion and his elders and deacons in full kirk session. Madam could hardly endure the thought of the glances that would be thrown at her daughter, and the priestess as he would be, the recipient of Katherine's piteous entreaty was listened to, and she was allowed to remain at home.

The kirk that morning would have been the pillory for her. She was unspeakably grateful for the solitude of the house, for space and silence, in which she could be alone with her untroubled and untroubled. About the middle of the morning, she heard Bram's footsteps. Bram had not thought of Katherine's staying from kirk, and when she confronted him, so tear-stained and woe-begone, his heart was full of pity for her. With in the last twenty-four hours he had begun to understand the temptation in which Katherine had been; begun to understand that love never asks, What is thy name? Of what country art thou? Who is thy father? He felt that so long as he lived he must remember Miriam Cohen as she stood talking to him in the shadowy store and this memory of Miriam made him very pitiful to Katherine.

"Every one is angry at me, Bram, even my father; and Bataravia will not sit on the chair at my side; and Joanna says a great distance I have made for her. And thou? Will thou also scorn me? I think I shall die of grief."

"Scold thee, thou little one? That I will not. And those that are angry with thee, may be angry with me too."

"Bram! my Bram! my brother! There is one comfort for me—if I knew that he still lived; if one hope that thou could give me!"

"What hope there is, I will go and see, and if there is good news, I will be glad for thee and thy mother. Not half an hour was Bram away; and yet, to the miserable girl, how grief and fear lengthened out the moments! When Bram came back, it was with a word of hope on his lips.

"I have seen," he said, "who dost thou think? The Jew Cohen. He of all men, he has sat by Capt. Hyde's side all night; and he has dressed the wound the English surgeon declared 'beyond mortal skill.' And he said to me, 'Three times, in the Persian desert, I have cured wounds still worse, and the Holy One hath given me the power of healing; and if, he will, the young man shall recover.' That is what he said, Katherine."

"Forever I will love the Jew. Though he fall, I will love him. So kind he is, even to those who have not spoken well, nor done well, to him."

At this moment the family returned from the morning service, and Bram rather defiantly drove his sister to his side. Joris was not with them. He had stopped at the "King's Arms" to ask if Capt. Hyde was still alive; for, in spite of everything, the young man's heroic cheerfulness in the agony of the preceding night had deeply touched Joris. No one spoke to Katherine; even her mother was annoyed and he mistreated at the social ordeal through which they had just passed, and she thought it only reasonable that the erring girl should be made to share the trial.

As the time went on poor Katherine Van Heemskirk shivered and sickened in the presence of averted eyes and uplifted shoulders, and in that chill atmosphere of disapproval which separated her from the sympathy and confidence of her old friends and acquaintances.

"It is thy punishment," said her mother, "bear it bravely and patiently. In a little while, it will be forgot. But weeks went on, and the wounded man slowly fought death away from their pillows, and Katherine did not recover the place in social estimation which she had lost through the ungovernable tempers of her lovers."

But nothing ill lasts forever; and in three months Nell Semple was in his office again, and was with fever and suffering, and wearing his sword arm in a sling, but still decidedly world-like and life-like. It was evident that public opinion was in a large measure with him, and though in the Middle Kirk the affair was sure to be the subject of a reproof, and of a suspension of its highest privileges, yet it was not difficult to feel the sympathy often given to deeds publicly censured, but privately admired. Joris remarked this spirit with a little astonishment and dissent. He could not find in his heart any excuse for either Nell or Hyde; and, when the elder engaged with some acerbity upon the requirements of honor among men, Joris defended him by replying:

"Well, then, elder, little I think of that honor which runs not with the laws of God and country."

"Let me tell you, Joris, the voice of the people is the voice of God, in a measure; and you may see with your own eyes that it is true that acquiesce Nell or wrong-doing. Man, Joris! would you punish a fair sword-fight in the 'haunted'?"

"A better way there is. In the pillory I would stand these men of honor, who of their own feelings think more than of the law of God. A very quick end that punishment would put to a custom wicked and absurd."

"Well, Joris, we'll have no quarrel about the question. Here comes Nell, and we'll let the question fall to the ground. There are wiser men than either you or I on both sides."

Joris nodded gravely, and turned to welcome the young man. More than ever he liked him, for, apart from moral and prudential reasons, it was easy for the father to forgive an unreasonable love for his Katherine. Also, he was now more anxious for a marriage between Nell and his daughter. It was indeed the best thing to fully restore her to the social esteem of her own people; for by making her his wife, Nell would most emphatically exonerate her from all blame in the quarrel. Just this far, and no farther, had Nell's three months' suffering aided his suit,—as had the full approval of the young man.

But, in spite of these advantages, he was really much farther away from Katherine. She had heard from Bram the story of the challenge and the fight; heard how patiently Hyde had parried Nell's attack rather than return it, until Nell had so passionately refused any satisfaction by the sword; heard, also, how even at the point of death, fainting and falling, Hyde had tried to protect her ribbon at his breast. She never wearied of talking with Bram on the subject; she thought of it all day, dreamed of it all night.

And she knew much more about it than her parents or Joanna supposed. Bram had easily fallen into the habit of calling at Cohen's after his patient. At first he saw Miriam often; and, when he did, life became a heavenly thing to Bram Van Heemskirk. Katherine very soon suspected how matters stood with her brother, and gratified him by talking with him about the lovely Jewess.

But for some weeks after the duel she could not bear to leave the house. It was only after both men were known to be recovering, that she ventured to kirk; and her experience there was not one which tempted her to try the same again. She was over, no interest in a living interest in a community but politics; and far more important events had now the public attention. During the previous March, the Stamp Act and the Quartering Act had passed both houses of Parliament; and "Virginia and Massachusetts, conscious of their dangerous character, had roused the fears of the other Provinces; and a convention of their delegates was appointed to meet during October in New York. It was this important session which drew Nell Semple, with scarcely healed wounds from the street, and who was now with hawks crying the detested Acts, and crowded with groups of stern-looking men discussing them.

It was during this time of excitement that Katherine said one morning, to breakfast, "Bram, was one minute for me. I am going to Kip's store for my mother."

At the store, Bram left her, and after selecting the goods her mother needed, Katherine was going up Pearl street, when she heard herself called to a familiar and urgent voice. At the same moment a door was flung open; and Mrs. Gordon, running down the few steps, put her hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"Oh, my dear, this is a piece of good fortune past belief! Come into my lodgings. Oh, indeed you shall! I will have no excuse. Surely you owe Dick and me some reward after the pangs we have suffered for you."

She was leading Katherine into the house as she spoke; and Katherine had not the will, and therefore not the power, to oppose her. She placed the girl by her side, and she took her hands, and with a genuine grief and love, told her all that "poor Dick" had suffered and was still suffering for her sake.

Katherine covered her face, and sobbed with a hopelessness and abandon that equally fretted Mrs. Gordon.

"If I could only see Richard,—only see him for one moment!"

"That is exactly what I am going to propose. He will get better when he has seen you. I will call a coach, and we will go at once."

"Alas! I dare not, my father and my mother!"

"And Dick,—what of Dick, poor Dick, who is dying for you?" She went to the door and gave the order for a coach. "Your lover, Katherine. Child, have you no heart? Put on your bonnet again. Here also are my rail and cloak. No one will perceive that it is you. It is the part of humanity, I assure you. Do so much for a poor soul who is at the grave's mouth."

While thus alternately urging and persuading Katherine, the coach came, the disguise was assumed, and the two drove rapidly to the "King's Arms." Hyde was lying upon a couch, which had been drawn close to the window. He was yet too weak to stand, too weak to endure long the strain of company or books or papers.

He heard his aunt's voice and foot-fall, and felt, as he always did, a vague pleasure in her advent. Whatever of life came into his chamber of suffering came through her. She brought him daily such intelligences as she thought conducive to his recovery; and it must be acknowledged that it was not always her "humor to be truthful." For Hyde had so craved news of Katherine, that she believed he would die wanting it; and she had therefore, without any conscious intention, scruple, into the reporter's temptation,—inventing the things which ought to have taken place, and did not.

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